

**SEX & SOCIETY — THE KEY TO GREATER UNDERSTANDING
BETWEEN MEN AND WOMEN — CONFIDENTIAL — INTIMATE!**

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Late Night Extra

**Photography sophisticated
Mood provocative**

PANTIE PARADE

CHINESE BEAUTY

GO-GO GIRL BARES

GIRL WITH A WIGGLE

**Polly shows the neighbours
Two handfuls of Elvira**





Late Night Extra

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NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

We all make them but not many of us keep them. When it comes to wishful thinking the human race really comes into its own and plenty of men are even now deciding that 1977 is going to be different. This year we'll be adamant—we say—if they won't shave I'll make 'em go without. Or it might be the other way round—if they insist on shaving I'll give 'em the cold shoulder until they learn to behave.

And learning to behave—when men use the phrase about women—means doing exactly what you want, whenever you want, and for as long as you want. Which is why most men are probably glad they aren't women.

It works both ways of course—there are plenty of women who get their satisfaction out of obeying orders. And a letter from a reader this month underlines the point. He's a regular reader whose letters you may have seen before and he's got a bit of a thing about hair. He's not sure whether he likes it on the loins or not—like many of us he enjoys the crisp feel of a few curls but he also thinks back to the days of his youth when the plump lips of the female pudenda were unsullied by hair—smooth and petulant.

But he has no doubts about the female armpit—there the hair should be allowed to grow naturally, he's quite convinced about that. And he has this theory that more women are letting their under-arm hair grow nowadays—and that they are doing it to please their men. It sounds a rather sweeping statement but it might be true—and the readers of Late Night Extra are the very men to check out on the accuracy of his theory.

It might be coincidence but it so happens that this month we've got pictures of two girls who have given up using depilatory creams or razors to remove the hair under the armpits—and you might like to check up with your own girls to see whether the idea that hairless armpits are becoming unfashionable is catching on or not. Drop us a line if you have any evidence to support—or oppose—the theory.

But whatever is happening under the arms you can be sure that our girls are going to be showing plenty of the rest of them in 1977—just as they did last year, and the year before that if it comes to that. Sex is here to stay—there's no doubt about that—and Late Night Extra is going to encourage it.

Whether your own taste runs to the girls who are big and bouncy—or to those who fit into your hands like apples—we've got the best of them, from all over the world. Enjoy this month's crop—and don't miss next month's either.



SEX & SOCIETY

PERHAPS it's because we are into a New Year but all of a sudden I've been deluged with letters about the role of fantasy in sexual life—from male and female readers. So I'm devoting our Sex & Society column this month to a selection from my postbag—mostly from female readers. The things they fantasise about may not necessarily be the things they think about while they are making love of course. In fact some of them, I am fairly certain, are the writings of women who don't make love all that often—they may be substitutes for the love-making they would like to enjoy.

But it is worth remembering, if you are a man who enjoys fantasising about going to bed with some idol from the cinema or TV screen—or a stripper from your local disco if it comes to that, because as many men fantasise about girls they see as about girls they only dream about—that the imagination plays a large part in all our sex lives as our sexual organs do. And that goes for the penis as much as the vagina.

The mechanics of sex are, relatively speaking, fairly simple. The enjoyment of sex is a very complex business altogether. And one in which the mind plays

as large a part as the body. A human being who is sexually satisfied owes as much to his or her mental attributes—which includes the imagination—as to the size or construction of his, or her, genitalia. And even more to the relationship which has been built up with his or her sexual partner—or partners.

Large or small breasts, or black or gold hair, may be your immediate 'turn on,' but size and shape alone may only be triggers for something which has been built up in the mind—not in the body. We all know it instinctively but a lot of us forget it—or ignore it.

Reading some of the fantasies we have collected may well help you realise that you are not the only person who dreams of harems, slave markets, men built like stallions or women with hair that reaches to the knees. To many people the idea that they are not unique takes a lot of getting used to.

And for those who feel that mechanical sexual aids are necessary—or at any rate are worth investigating—we have produced a catalogue of marital aids and sex toys which can be obtained from H. & E. PRODUCTS, 38 North Audley Street, London, W.1.

VIEWPOINT

It's hair all the way this month—and I suppose that that's as good a way as any of starting a new year. But I'm looking forward to seeing a few letters about knees or elbows—the concentration on hair gets a bit monotonous after you've ploughed through a few dozen letters about it.

Dear Sir,

Congratulations on your issue number 9—I was glad to see that you thought my letter worth publishing.

I would be interested to know if you've had any female readers answering the point I made about under-arm hair.

I have a theory that the young women who allow it to grow today—and I have noticed that there are quite a number—appear to do so to please their men. This must be one of the few fads girls indulge in to please men, rather than to satisfy their own feelings or to impress other women.

Have any of your readers any thoughts on this? Success to *Late Night Extra!*

Michael, London.

(This one I pass over to readers for their comments. For new readers who missed Mike's letter in No. 9, he was telling us that although he liked the look and feel of body hair on women, he also had a hankering after the smooth, hairless mound of the adolescent—or the pre-adolescent.

It so happens that we've got pictures this month of two girls who let the hair grow under their arms—have a look for yourself if you don't believe me. I've got a few doubts myself about the motivation of girls who let the hair grow in their arm-pits. Excluding Italy, Spain, and some parts of France I think that most European women nowadays trim their arm-pits even if they don't depilate them entirely. Surely it must be legs and arm-pits that women use all the 'ladies' electric razors on? But whether this is to please themselves—or their men—is hard to tell. Likewise, I don't see how you can tell whether the woman who lets the hair under her arms grow is doing it to please herself, her boy friend, or just because she didn't have time to shave. Michael thinks he's detected a trend towards letting it grow to please men. We've got a lot of men readers—as well as quite a few females—what do you say about Mike's theory?)

And now—you might have guessed—we have a letter from one of the anti-hair brigade. He just doesn't like it.

Dear Sir,

When are you going to show us the female vulva unadorned—in all its glory? The present fashion of showing the female genitals disfigured and hidden by a thick growth of pubic is just as wrong—morally and aesthetically—as the devices adopted by magazines ten years ago when the



I'M DOING MY BEST

Women often accuse men of looking upon them as ornaments, and sometimes they are justified. In this shot from an Italian film the girl is not only being used as an ornament but she's being made to work at it. Is he going to lift the curtain?

artist's brush was used to paint out the female mound and cleft, and its covering. So that lots of young men grew up thinking that women were sealed up between the legs except for some tiny urino-genital opening—I was one of them, so I know.

Surely you don't subscribe to this belief that there's something 'wrong' with the female vulva? Most of your pictures seem to perpetuate the idea that ideas that my generation was brought up with—that women are built like dolls between the legs. A.D.G., Ilford.

(No—I don't think there is anything 'wrong' with showing the female vulva—with or without the hair. But in fact a woman who has shaved between the legs does not, unless she sets out to do so, show much of the outer or inner lips in natural positions. It is a fact that nine out of ten models we meet do not shave, although they may trim. And the reasons for this are always given

as part personal preference, because they like their hair, and partly because photographers actually prefer them with a fleece—it's supposed to make them look more 'sexy'!

So there you have it. I can understand your point about 'deception'—it was indeed practised. But all our girls are photographed as they are—and what you see is what is shown by any normal woman in natural life. Watch your wife undressing some time and you'll find I'm right. We aren't, after all, teaching anatomy—you can find plenty of diagrams that will teach you that—what we are doing is glorifying real women, as they are in life.)

A reader from Hereford has no doubts at all about liking to see girls as they are—and we've chosen his out of several letters expressing delight and appreciation of the pictures of Jackie we published last Autumn.

Dear Sir,

May I congratulate you on including a young girl, Jackie, in your August issue. (This was No. 8, pp. 52-57, if you missed it.—Ed.). You say she is 17—but she looks about 14—and there must be many readers, like myself, who have had plenty of opportunities to see girls over 16 for themselves but have never had the chance to see younger ones without clothes on. I hope that you can make a regular practice of showing us some of these younger models.

How about a series of small pictures showing a young girl undressing? These might begin with her in a school blouse and skirt and end like the last one of Jackie, showing her very girlish body and rather uncertain smile, but displaying her lovely breasts naked and unprotected for all to see.

She really did 'turn me on' and I'm sure many other readers must have shared my feelings for her. J.H., Hereford.

Now you have the chance to share with other readers the pleasure Late Night Extra has given you, and to see your opinions of the girls we've found in print. This is YOUR page—whether it's praise or criticism, or just plain musing, we are glad to give you the chance to air your views.

(I share your appreciation of young Jackie and so did many readers, as you surmised. We do in fact show a fair proportion of teenage girls—but as you know, physical development varies a lot in individuals. I have some pictures of a sixteen-year-old in front of me now—naked, of course—but by the development of her breasts you'd think she was fully matured. Our 'Girl of the Month' in issue No. 9 isn't twenty yet, for instance.

The trouble about the idea of doing a series of pictures of a girl undressing is that it tends to look very hackneyed and 'old-fashioned.'

It's all a matter of 'presentation'—which we are rather good at—and our method of showing a girl in all her moods, and in various stages of undress, is generally reckoned to be more interesting to look at than a series of small pictures. But rest assured. I shall be showing plenty more girls like Jackie.—Ed.).

A London reader is looking for yet more measurements—you seem determined to keep the office tape measure in use.

Dear Sir,

Congratulations on a fine selection of girls in 'Late Night Extra.' However, I would like to request something.

Many of your readers, myself included, like big boobs on girls—especially when you include their measurements—but I bet there are quite a few like myself who also 'tighten up' over TALL girls with big boobs. Big girls are fine—but it helps if you know how big.

So how about some six foot plus beauties with big (not fat) bodies to match once in a while? Here's hoping. Congratulations on the magazine.

R.A., Camden, London.

(The trouble is that not all our girls are as uninhibited about their measurements as they are about their views. Hardly any of them will tell you their weight nowadays. That seems to be a very sensitive area. And I can only think of a few girls who announce their heights. But I know that Sheila—our Australian in No. 9, pp. 34-35—was only about an inch shorter than me, and I'm six foot. She was very long-legged as you no doubt noticed. I'll certainly get the heights of any of the really big girls we show in future issues for you. Thanks for writing.—Ed.).

Our regular reader from Saffron Walden in Essex has found plenty to please him in the last few issues—and he had been reading the magazine since the first issue, so his comments are always valuable.

Dear Sir,

I still find Late Night Extra the best magazine for the study of the female form—and I enjoy the stories too. Why didn't we see more of Millicent's face in Vol. 2, No. 6? So much of it was in the

shade that you couldn't really tell if it was the same girl or not in some of the pictures—which spoiled the effect even though she did have lovely breasts. I liked the way the light shone over her cleavage showing the slight stretch marks and those where she had her hands over the tops of her breasts and you could see the size of her fully developed aureolae. I like to compare the sizes of the aureolae on different girls.

Patty on p. 47 was small in the breasts but she had a nice surround to her nipples. Although my own preference is for the large over-forty tits I liked the 34" models of Leslie. She looked so young and innocent.

Volume 2, No. 7 was also a very good issue with lots of really big breasts. Joy on pages 22-27 was magnificent—I liked the shot of her pushing her tits up on page 25, and on the next page her breasts have a very sexy effect.

I enjoy Late Night Extra very much and I always look forward to each new issue. Keep up the good work.

J.T., Saffron Walden, Essex.

(Yes, we've had a good crop of the larger girls lately—perhaps the fine weather last summer made the girls less inhibited. The London parks were a sight for sore eyes. The shadow over Millicent's face arrived there precisely because the photographer focused all his light over the tops of her breasts—to give the emphasis that you enjoyed.

There is always a big debate going on between photographers, publishers and readers over the use of light when photographing the female form. If you use too much light you can expose a lot of detail but you risk losing the contours—the hills and valleys that make the body so beautiful. And you can finish up with a flat two-dimensional picture that shows every hair but looks like

an identi-kit picture. If you don't use enough light then you get obscuring shadows. The secret is in compromise, as always.

I'm glad you are still enjoying the magazine—I remember publishing a letter of yours way back in Volume 1—we've both seen a lot of girls since then, haven't we? Glad to hear from you, as always.—Ed.).

A new reader's views are always welcome, so here is a letter from a French reader who was so taken with issue No. 9 that he sent us an express letter to tell us how much he liked the magazine. His English was a bit idiomatic in places so I've tidied it up.

Dear Sir,

What a wonderful time I've had—and am going to have—with your magazine. The issue I have just bought is the first I have ever seen in my country and I wish to know if I can get any back numbers. (You can—write to our Back Number department.—Ed.).

The picture of Alice on p. 7, in her short chemise and cupping one proud bare breast as she admires it is one of the finest examples of figure photography I have ever seen. There is always something exciting to a man about seeing a woman admiring her body, and relishing the admiration a man shows—and this picture of Alice speaks of sensual pleasure.

The heavy breasted girls on the next few pages are interesting—what naked girl is not?—but for my taste they are over-developed. The pictures on pages 23-25 of the beautiful Hildegard in her bathroom are enough to rouse the blood of any male—they did mine, very quickly. Here again the sight of her wet nakedness as she stroked her marvellous body with a quiet smile of satisfaction made me stiffen with desire.

The abandon with which Sheila spreads her legs on pages 34-37 made me wish I could know her properly—not just through pictures. And the lovely coloured picture of Angela stretched out on her face on the bed—naked except for her stockings—must have made many men beside myself think of the joys of testing the resilience of those firm, rounded buttocks so invitingly offered to us on page 49.

Yes, 'Outdoor girl' Genevieve with the firm pink nipples and the seductive curls on her loins was another girl who made the discovery of your magazine a delight for me.

G. D., Lyon, France.

(Glad to hear you enjoyed the magazine, Gaston. And it was nice of you to write—I don't get all that many letters from France. And, believe it or not, there was nothing exceptional about the issue of the magazine that you found—we find girls just as lovely, and in poses just as tempting—every month. That's why we've become a connoisseur's magazine.—Ed.).



DO YOU LIKE ME IN CHAINS?

A new variation of an eternal theme—the girl in chains. The idea of an evening shawl came from Paris—but the appeal is universal. Sally is handcuffed incidentally, but she doesn't seem to be worried about it. And even without removing the shawl you could have a good time with those uptilted nipples. Very use-able—wouldn't you say?

Female Fantasies

I'm a female vampire, but it's not blood I'm after, it's man's love juice, lots and lots of it.

When the moon is bright and shining on to my naked body lying spreadeagled on the bed, my mind travels out into the night. My fingers cup and fondle my breast and taut nipples and my heart begins to thump in expectation of the exhilarating picture beginning to unfold.

I'm walking along the narrow lane near the Common looking for young single blokes. Checking that the top of my button-down dress is unfastened, I approach a handsome curly-headed young guy strolling past a street lamp. I pull apart the top of my frock to display my bare tits. The light glints on my breast emphasising the curvaceous white globes and deep crimson of the nipples.

The man's eyes widen and there is a tremor behind his fly zip. He opens his mouth to say something, but I motion him to follow me to the nearby workman's hut. I know the door is open, and as we slip inside I assure my victim that there is to be no charge, only discharge.

It's easy for him to reach my hot ravenous cavern, for there is nothing beneath my flimsy cotton covering. His strong fingers search for my damp clit whilst he mouths and sucks my tits with immense fervour. He is strong and manly at the moment, but later . . . ?

Quickly I open his flies and reach down to feel the size and strength of the poker that is to be the subject of my attentions.

Brushing his hand aside, I squat down, pulling the throbbing flesh deep into my mouth. He cries out and I know that in my enthusiasm and impatience I have bitten too deep, so ease up and continue with my tongue. Licking the pounding organ like a cornet, I realise that he is a quick one and is already nearing boiling point. I quickly straighten up and open my thighs so that he can get right up me in one smooth movement. I love the stand up knee tremblers, for I can press downwards as he thrusts upwards. It's real power, real dominance.

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MY NAME IS MONICA

—and I lost the bet

I was quite sure that Bucharest was the capital of Hungary—sure enough to bet on it when Sydney laid me fifty dollars against it. And as I hadn't fifty dollars on me I agreed that if I lost he could photograph me as I was. And as I was, was bare, because we'd been in the middle of a bit of very heavy necking and somehow all my clothes had got away while Sydney was giving me a geography lesson. (There was a bit of mathematics wrapped up in it too

**MIDNIGHT
MOOD**





somewhere because he insisted on checking my measurements—34"-22"-34" for

anyone who's interested—when I told him I couldn't remember my bra size be-

cause I hadn't worn one for so long.)

And these pictures are the result—or part of the result—because watching Sydney photograph me got me worked up, as you can imagine—and arranging me on the bed gave him ideas as well, so I spent most of the night on my back, underneath Sydney.

I don't think I came out too badly—in the photographs—and Sydney seemed to enjoy using the camera. In fact he's promising to make a habit of it. Which suits me because it's quite exciting to be looked at through the view-finder and to have to arrange myself on the bed—and it gives me a chance to catch my breath between bouts. Syd is a devil for bouts.

So here I am—both before and after—because I'd had it before and I knew I was going to get it again after. And I did, as you know. I wonder if it shows—certainly that's all I was thinking about when I was on the bed.



POLLY MOVES OUTDOORS



A recent convert to the craze for dressing up in the fashions of the turn of the century, the statuesque Polly—who measures out at a very pleasing 42"-26"-37"—made the most of last year's long hot summer and gave the neighbours something to look at over the garden fence. She stands 5' 10" so she didn't get overshadowed by the flowers either.

'When there's as much of you as there is of me,' says Polly, 'it's worth dressing up—and jeans and tee shirts don't somehow seem to fit my image. And anyway, most jeans are a bit tight for me, even if my husband allowed me to wear them—which he doesn't.'

'I've always had a bit of a fetish about stockings anyway, and although I say it myself I think I've got the legs to wear them—usually black and fishnet when I want to be noticed.'

'Victorian dresses seem to suit women of my size, but it was too hot last summer to keep them on for long, as you know, so I didn't need all that

much encouragement to put on my own outdoor strip show for the benefit of my husband—and anyone else who was in their gardens—and you'd be surprised how keen the neighbours are on gardening, the men anyway.'

'Of course the undies aren't really Victorian—just modern versions of the lingerie women used to wear—but if you like a bit of colour and the feel of satin next to your skin and if you're bold enough to wear them they can be very effective and quite eye-catching. I've departed from history a bit with the brassiere—I don't think they were worn in Victorian times—but they match the corset and the peepholes please the men. For myself I prefer my breasts uncovered but my husband likes a little gilt on his gingerbread. And I've often noticed—I suppose most women have—that men like to use their imagination when it comes to the female form. It's the hidden bits that catch the eye—always.'

'Of course, to be strictly in character, I ought to have worn a hat I suppose—but I



TEASER OF THE MONTH



made do with a parasol—most of the time my husband needed it more than I did; the sun was very hot, of course.

'My bicycle act went down well I thought—I had attracted quite an audience in the upstairs windows by then—although I found the saddle a bit uncomfortable without panties. Bicycles aren't really made for bare-back riding—not for women anyway.

'And by the time I'd been round the garden a few times I was quite glad to move into the shade and strip off completely—it was my husband's idea to have me hold my arms up. He'd decided that I ought to stop shaving my armpits—Victorian women didn't—and he wanted to see if the hair had begun to grow. It hadn't then

—but I've got quite a luxurious growth by now—which pleases my husband no end.

'Of course, I suppose a real Victorian lady would never undress in the garden—from what I hear most of them were a bit chary of being seen undressing in the bedroom even—but I didn't hear of any complaints from the neighbours. I think most of them enjoyed it in fact—I know I did. And so did my husband of course.

'But then he's always been a bit of a strip-tease fan—particularly if the artiste is built like me. I know some men say they prefer their women to be smaller than themselves, but not my old man—he always says he likes something to get hold of.

'And when we are in the bedroom the Victorian scene is quite forgotten—although when he's in the mood he likes to see me in a tight corset and long white linen drawers tied with ribbons while I do my hair and get ready for bed. But once I'm in bed we are in the twentieth century and no mistake—there's no question of my lying down with my eyes closed and thinking about the Empire—as Queen Victoria is supposed to have advised her ladies.

'Of course if he wants me to be passive and submissive then that's it—I have to be submissive, and my hands are tied above my head to the bed rail if I wriggle when I've been told not to. I don't



suppose that happened to many real Victorian wives—they would always have done what they were told.

'And I don't suppose a hundred years ago there'd been a bookcase by the bed—not holding the books my husband collects anyway. There's always the latest *Late Night Extra* of course—my husband likes to watch me practise poses—but there's

loads besides, ranging from the *Joy of Sex* back through the 'Story of O' to translations of Chinese pillow books. I know all about the thirty positions from Heaven to Earth of Tung Hsuan Tzu with names like 'The Butterflies' Somersault,' 'The Galloping Feet' and 'The Mandarin Ducks Play.' Not to speak of the twenty-eight unnamed positions from the

same book.

'Because my husband likes me to read to him in bed I've learned whole passages from some of our favourite books like the 'Story of O'—through having to read them aloud so often, my husband finds it very restful—but I don't. So you see I'm very modern in some ways—even though a lot of my undies aren't.

'We've got a fair number

of picture books as well—but they do more for my husband, I think, than they do for me, the end result is the same, of course. One thing though, I get all kinds of presents for putting on a good performance—that's where my satin corset came from. And if my stockings get laddered they always get replaced the next day.

'Mind you, it's not all one



from page 6

I'm in my element as he goes in, right up, for I take a step backward and he is at my mercy. Panting hard, slobbering over me, he tries desperately to pull me back against his rough suit. He'd better have a horn of plenty to be able to keep up with me.

Suddenly I feel like a volcano with burning lava inside, but I haven't yet exploded. I'm insatiable. The man, now unable to control events, begins to wilt, so I lean forward to rouse his interest. He's not leaving until I'm ready.

Gripping him so tightly that he moans and struggles to get free, I begin to feel him growing inside, filling out and stretching my dripping tunnel until the tingling sensation wells up through my thighs and spreads over me like a warm wave. We climax together and my knees grow weak, but there is no release for the man. He thinks he can rest, perhaps go home and sleep, but no, not yet.

Try as I might I cannot stop him from slipping out, glistening and flaccid, but my back is against the door. He is so exhausted and can only appeal to let him go. But for the moment he is my victim.

He wants to lie down on the mattress, left there by the workman for the benefit of his girl friends. Hard luck.

I order the man to stand there and fall again on to his drooping manhood, taking the soft, baby-like flesh into my throat. He groans, realising that he is about to be sucked dry, and I mean dry. He will never forget this night.

I slobber over the warm succulent muscle, my firm tongue tingling and provoking a response. Slowly the blood surges back, the muscles tighten and the instrument of pleasure regains its strength, size and quality. It seems that the victim is still weary but he manages to rouse himself at the demand of his other being. I continue to lap the shining purple head which tips the hard glistening rod. He is ready.

This time I move on to him, sucking the length right in, opening my lower lips to embrace and massage that glorious firmness.

He hardly moves. He is too

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way—in our bedroom. I'm much bigger than my husband for a start and if I've really set my mind on something I can always get it. In fact I know that men can enjoy being held down just as much as any woman does. So you shouldn't get any ideas about me being down-trodden. Not all the time anyway.

'The trouble with so many couples nowadays, I think,

is that they start off with pre-conceived ideas about the positions of the sexes—and I'm not talking about what you are thinking of, either—and this colours their relationship for ever after. Just because we are all brought up to believe myths about women being passive and men being aggressive, a lot of married couples never try to find out what their partners

are really like—as individuals as well as members of the opposite sex. And so you get nothing but the 'missionary' position, year in and year out. No wonder people get bored by sex and lose interest in each other after ten years or so.

'My recipe for a happy and successful partnership between the sexes—if I was ever asked to give one—would

be for each partner to start off by putting aside all pre-conceived ideas about what should or should not be done, and about what men or women 'like.' Find out about each other's bodies — and minds — by practising and questioning, trial and error if you like. You'll never stop learning, and you'll never stop giving and receiving

pleasure either.

'Books can help of course — but more by getting rid of inhibitions than by actually learning ways to do things. The important thing is to realise that human sexual needs and pleasures are infinitely variable. Your imaginations — both of them — will find plenty of ways of doing things for, and to, each other

once you can free your minds of in-built prejudices. You won't need any diagrams to show you where to put your legs.

And if it pleases both of you to put on a fashion show in the garden and you know you aren't going to upset or offend the neighbours — go to it. I did.'



SEX & SOCIETY

from page 14

exhausted. Now I'm the controller and smoothly, slowly I ride up and down that tool of man. I recall my earlier days on a merry-go-round, the uncontrolled rhythm, the rigid wood beneath my hot, damp little knickers, and thrill to the memory.

I gain momentum, increasing the rate of the fabulous friction. Our gasps are now in unison, yet it is I who move, sliding upwards and downwards on the flaming pole. I near the searing ecstasy and rapidly increase the pace. He seems dry, but I flood him with lubricant until we achieve the crash of the climax. Involuntarily I grip his decreasing manhood with passionate fervour, to suck the last drop from him.

I'm quick to recover and stand looking at the man, now on his knees, begging to be released. Flashing him a quick smile of derision, I kick open the door. He zips up his trousers and tumbles out to stagger home terrified that his wife will realise he has been a victim of the female vampire.

Buttoning up my dress, I venture again into the night to look for another. This time it's an older man, carrying a despatch case. He looks like a bank official, neat and tidy in a dark blue suit. I give him a smile and tell him that there is no charge for a minute of pleasure, though there may be interest.

The poor fool. He follows me like a lamb, innocent and calm. Again I offer a glimpse of my slim naked body. He boggles and tears rapidly at his pants. Oh no. Not so fast, my lad. You will have to wait.

Before he knows what is happening, I've grabbed his hands and tied them together with some rope attached to the wall of the hut. Now he stands with his back against the wall and manacled wrists hung high above his head. He can move his legs, so I continue to remove his trousers and slip off his neat woollen pants. Just for fun I thrust them over his head, so that he can hardly see what's happening, only feel.

His middle-man, already standing out like a reddening broom handle from his pale hairy thighs, is bigger than the

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THE DOUBLE HANDFUL

—and you'd need big hands for Elvira

They are real all right and if you don't believe me you can feel them. There's no silicone or paraffin pushing these out. Even if you pull the tape measure it will read 45"—and a gentle hand that doesn't press too hard on my nipples will give you a reading of 47"—and I can make that 49" by taking a deep breath. Go on, try me for yourself.

With titties like mine you don't have to worry too much

about the other measurements, but I'll tell you what they are—waist 26", hips 36"—I carry it all on top like the double-decker buses we used to have in Liverpool.

Singing might have something to do with it—I've been chanting round these parts for the last six years—but I think that only accounts for the chest, not the boobs. And if you are really a tit man it's the boobs you'll be inter-



**BOOBY
PRIZE**

ested in. Most everyone is. And not only among the boys—I've got a girl friend who'll drop everything for a chance to taste my nipples. And I don't need cosmetics to make you notice them either. The aureolaes go 3" across, and when my nipples are aroused they stick out a good inch. No kidding.

They tell me that the modern man likes girls with boyish figures—which means, I sup-

pose, girls whose titties would fit in a tea cup. You'd have a job to find a tea cup that would hold my tits—and anyway, I've never met any men like that. Lips like limpets most of them have got—even if their rods wouldn't give every girl a nightmare.

Do you know I've got a bloke who comes down from Morecambe about once a month—whenever he can kid his wife he wants to see a



football match in fact—who begins to water at the mouth before I've got my blouse off. And once he's got his lips round the target I can lie back and relax. He doesn't want to do anything but suck. He gets a hard on before I touch him and he's usually finished before I begin to get tender.

He's got a brother who keeps a hotel and I often wish I could take them together—after all, I've got two. Mind you, the kind of steady sucking I get from Bill does things for me as well. If you've got a man who knows how to use his tongue while he's sucking you don't need his fingers between his legs—or at least I don't.

But I do have one complaint. When you've got big boobs you seem to collect men who are content to sit and watch—or sit and suck. Which gets a bit tiresome if you are a normal female. Now and again I meet up with a real bottom fancier who only uses my boobs to hold me still with—and that's

when I begin to enjoy myself. Because I've got a shapely bum and I like it paid attention to. In fact when it gets down to the nitty gritty there's nothing I like better than kneeling over and taking it from behind—that really does things for me. Most men don't have hands large enough to grip me properly when I'm kneeling down, but even if they are only kneading my nipples as they work their way in I'm satisfied. Sometimes I have to insist they cut their finger nails, but if it's a guy I fancy I'll put up with the discomfort—just to feel myself properly controlled while they are getting in.

Whenever I'm being sucked—whether it's by a man or a woman—I'm quite sure that that is what my tits are for. But then every now and again I find someone who knows how to use his, or her, fingers—and then it's all systems go. Because however big your boobs are—and mine will match most women's—they are only a part of the body and there's still a lot of areas



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others. More experienced, more thorough and already more advanced. I stroke it gently and watch as it strives to find somewhere to go.

The man bucks and thrusts, but I'm not ready. Slipping out of my only clothing, I bend over and back up to the shaft, guiding it coolly between my smooth naked buttocks. The raging heat seems to sear my flesh, but as it meets my own hot steamy garage, the warmth blends together, as does the pounding flesh.

I push back and as my bottom touches the man's groins he gasps realising that I've got him, all of him, at my command.

Like a horizontal piston I slither back and forth, slowly at first, then as the urge takes over, more rapidly. Panting for relief, I wriggle and squirm and gyrate. It is magnificent. As we reach the liquid discharge height of lust, the man shouts and I scream out loud with the force of the impact.

I watch as our creamy honey trickles down my thighs, dripping slowly from my satisfied body.

I move away from the man's drooping torso and quickly put on my dress. For a giggle I leave him there, pants wavering on his head like a see-through woollen helmet, naked loins and hands tied fast to a hook near the roof. Would anyone believe his story, I wonder?

I slip out to find another victim. Who's next?

Roundabout on the swings

Ever since I first experienced the delights of sex in a recreation field I'm constantly re-living that deliciously passionate affair.

To aid the fantasy I even dress in youngsters' clothing and wear no make-up. With my long black hair in pigtails and my supple young body

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that need attention. I can come off by being sucked—I can make myself come off with a little finger-play on my titties if it comes to that—especially if I lick my fingers while I'm doing it, but for real satisfaction I like to be spread out and used properly.

And don't kid yourselves that only men can do that—a woman who knows how to use a dildo can get just as much reaction from me as any man can. The point is that the attention has to be spread out—all over me. Which is

where another woman comes in—especially if she's kneeling over me and rubbing herself against my mouth. It beats boiled cabbage, as they say in my part of the world.

I don't usually have to do much more than take a deep breath before I can get a guy asking for my telephone number—certainly I've never had to go looking for boy friends—but you'd be surprised, or perhaps you wouldn't because you wouldn't be reading Late

Night Extra if you were retarded, how a bust like mine attracts the chicks. And not only the chicks with lemons instead of melons—I've got a girl friend now who goes a good two inches bigger than me, and is firm with it—who will give me a lift home any time I ask her. The trouble is that she's shy of being photographed—otherwise you could have seen us together. Which would really be something—four handfuls instead of two—if you follow my meaning.





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clothed in dark blue knickers and a white blouse and a gym slip, I'm back in my sixth form days.

It makes no difference who the current boy friend is, to provide the ultimate thrill I can only visualise him as that young man who, on that marvellous summer evening, made me a woman. I'm even thinking of buying the instruments which added so much to the newly found delights of that moment.

Frank, my regular 'boyo,' also gets a kick out of the fantasy and is happy to take the part of my first lover.

Choosing a warm summer evening, we stroll through the sports ground towards the playground, still equipped with its swings and round-a-bouts and, in the middle, like some sacrificial altar, a see-saw. I tell him what happened in class that day, the biology lesson and all its intimate detail, which seems to get Frank roused. Seeing the bulge in his black flared trousers starts my own sensations flooding through my bloodstream, and by the time we reach the entertainment arena I can feel that my knickers are damp and sticky at the crotch.

We sit together on a nearby seat and my hand moves to his waist and down to his lap. He begins to fumble with my blouse and having opened it wide enough, strokes my breast and nipples tenderly, delicately.

I slip my fingers into his crotch, searching for the warm shaft of throbbing flesh that I know must be lying there, pulsating and anxious to be fondled. For a second I squeeze the rigid muscle, sliding my hand up and down its length, all the time getting more and more aroused.

Frank, getting more sexy, unclips the bra with expertise and pushes it down and away so he can kiss and suck my firm pink young nipples. No one is in sight and as I nibble his ear and thrust my slithering tongue into its folds I whisper 'What about the see-saw?'

The boy nods, and we walk quickly over to the board.

I lie along the half-up right-angled wood, my breasts now fully exposed and available to the lad's thrilling caresses. He opens his flies and out pops the



FADS AND FANTASIES

Lily shows off her collection

She's got a cute pair of breasts too—but she didn't buy them, they just grew there. No one seems to know when the cult of the decorated pantie started—probably in the Carnaby Street of the swinging sixties—and in those days Lily was in utilitarian blue serge because she went to that kind of school.



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LOOK WHAT I'VE GOT



Her own collection of underwear you can learn to read on only dates from a few months ago, but she's already amassed a couple of dozen pairs of assorted readable knickers—most of them from her husband, but he's not jealous so she picks up the odd pair from boy friends who share her enthusiasm for the printed word.

Lily is a girl who likes to use her imagination—and to encourage men to use theirs—and you'll notice that her taste runs to things that fit tightly. That doesn't only apply to under-pants either, according to her husband, who sent us these pictures of Lily's collection together with her measurements — 36", 24" - 36" — the whole lot making a very pretty package.

Some of her collection, she thinks, are a little too revealing for publication—she has a lot of G strings—but in any case it's the printed message that she's keen on putting over at the moment, and that's certainly going to get plenty of readers getting out their magnifying glasses.





I asked her whether she didn't think that a session with a razor wouldn't help to give her the perfect image, but apparently she's not allowed to touch her hair—her husband had a letter published in this magazine a few months ago extolling the virtues of the pubic curls—in fact he included a picture of Lily with her panties down to prove his point that a bush can be decorative.

A lot of you will disagree with him about that—and I have an idea that Lily would like to try the razor herself just to see the effect. But you know what people with fixed ideas are like—she's only allowed to use the comb, never the scissors.

But nevertheless, Lily's panties are worth looking at, aren't they? And if it gives you ideas for presents for your wives and girl friends Lily will be glad. Her collection runs to 28 items at the moment—that's the number you've got to beat if you want to take up Lily's challenge to build a better collection.



**GIRL OF
THE MONTH**



WAITING FOR THE NEXT TIME

Sandra has joined a group—and enjoyed herself

Because I was the newcomer I knew that it was my turn to be the 'subject' when Mark and Julia took me to meet the other couple in the group—so you can imagine I was more than a little nervous as we got out of the car and I was introduced to Leonard and Judy. I'd never met them before but Julia had told me that I'd like them.

And Leonard certainly seemed to like me—judging by the way his tongue slid between my lips as he kissed me. And his wife Judy—a petite blonde—seemed very friendly too, and went out of her way to put me at my ease as we sat together while her husband handed round the Martinis. But I was naturally

nervous as they explained to me the rules of the monthly 'game' which they had been enjoying together for two years.

Each of the five members—I was replacing a girl who had emigrated—took turns to be the 'subject'—when he or she was put on the operating table for the attention of the other four—who operated as two teams. Sometimes the men paired up together, sometimes Mark teamed with Judy and Leonard with Julia. Husbands and wives never teamed up together. The two teams played for half an hour at a time before 'changing ends'—the ends being defined by the subject's waistline—and the game lasted





for 95 minutes with a fifteen minute break at half-time.

The teams had already been picked when I arrived and Mark and Judy were to play together, starting at my feet—Julia and Leonard were to play at the other end. It was very warm in the room and my friend Julia had slipped out of her dress as soon as we arrived and the fact that she was wearing only a tiny pair of red lace briefs under it obviously pleased Leonard who was only wearing a pair of Y fronts himself which didn't hide the effect Julia's luscious breasts—their points tinted to match exactly the red of her panties—was having on him. Mark, meanwhile, had stripped completely and the thick matt of black hair on his chest and belly made an intriguing contrast with Judy's pale skin as she nestled on his lap in bra and knickers. I was feeling a bit out of it myself, still fully dressed, when Leonard produced a referee's whistle and blew it to announce the start of play.

'Just slip behind the screen and get ready, Sandra,' Julia smiled at me as she went on, 'and take everything off while we get the table ready.' As I stood behind the screen and undressed I heard giggles as the teams prepared and when I was called out—feeling very conscious of my nakedness as I stepped into view—I saw that a large table covered with a sheet had been placed in the centre of the room, directly under a spotlight.

I was made comfortable with a pillow under my hips—Mark and Judy gave my pussy an approving stroke before parting my legs and fastening my ankles to the corners of the table. Leonard and Julia meanwhile had drawn my arms upwards and were fastening my wrists so that I was spreadeagled, naked, under the light.

As the whistle blew for the start of the game I felt a comb gently smoothing down and parting my bush, but my attention was all on what was happening above my waist. Soft female fingers were touching my nipples as I heard Leonard say 'I know you said she had lovely tits, but I'd never have known they were this good. Hold them still for me, darling.' And my breasts were pressed into position as Leonard's mouth closed over my nipples. 'Suck hard Leonard' I heard Julia whisper as she leaned over me and applied her own lips to my other nipple. With my hands fastened I could do nothing but submit as I felt my nipples stiffen—but at the same time I felt the pressure of a finger at the top of my cleft and I began to twist my hips against the pillow. Somewhere in the distance I heard a voice say 'I think we'd better





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put the waist belt on' and as I gave in to the delicious sensation of having my tits sucked I felt a strap buckled round my waist, preventing me from wriggling.

I could feel myself getting wet between the legs as somebody's fingers opened my lower lips and a finger began to explore me—touching the entrance and then plunging right in as my breasts were released from the lips that had been tormenting them. And then I felt Leonard's strong fingers turning my head and Julia's pointed nipple was in my mouth. Obediently I began to suck as Leonard's voice mur-

mured 'Use your tongue properly, Sandra.' I did, and I was, when I heard the sound of a vibrator and my lips began to work overtime as I felt the buzzing tip forcing itself into me. 'Your turn now, Leonard' I heard Julia say as she pulled her nipple away from my mouth. 'She'll never find mine but I'll give her something else,' he answered—and I felt Julia's hands turning my head towards him. Mouth and eyes open, please,' she said as Leonard leaned over me and before I knew what had happened his stiff prick had slid between my open lips. My nipples were being squeezed and pulled as I

began to suck the hard cock into my throat but at the same time I was conscious that the vibrator between my legs had been withdrawn and I felt the delicious warmth of wet lips, and an active tongue, exploring my secret crevices. I was coming like a waterfall by then of course—and the tool in my mouth was probing the back of my throat when, in the distance, I heard the blast of a whistle and I knew we'd reached half-time. Suddenly my mouth and my quim were vacant—and only the taste of cock in my mouth and the feel of my juices drying on the insides of my thighs were there to remind me of what had been happening.

organ of delight, scarlet in the evening sun, tantalising as a ruby wand.

I help him to pull down the tight blue knickers and lift my regulation school skirt. His fingers quickly switch to feeling the narrow valley and parting the moist lips, burning with desire. He buries his face deep into my crotch and his, firm features seem to fit my own contours, but as his tongue ripples up into my steaming tube I practically flood him with my creamy liquid.

Only for a second does he stop, though his fingers continue squeezing and pressing at my smooth round breasts. It's delicious, thrilling and so stimulating that I can hardly hold out and swing my legs down either side of the plank, gripping it with strength that I feel would crush the poor lad's ribs.

He moves up and his hard baton prods its way up my naked thighs, kissing the skin whilst searching for the secret fuzz covered succulence. As it reaches my enflamed lips, I squeak and again gush over him and feel sure that the wood between my thighs must crack.

Frank stops to let me recover. And as I gasp my breath back my arms hang down, fingers clutching the cool grass. He slides his body forward and I feel his firm young weapon slide into me. My entire body feels as if it has been given an electric shock, for the thrill sparkles into every crevice and as the quivering wave gains strength the weight of the young man overbalances me and I sink down, my arms acting as a spring.

I push against the ground and up I go, risking losing that glorious rigid muscle thrust deep into me. But no, he moves forward again with greater strength, greater control, and again I sink. I've never felt so absolutely ecstatic before. It's the height of ultimate delight.

I thrust down again and we begin to achieve a rhythm. To discover that I control the speed of the pulse and movement of the man over me is marvellous. Frank can only giggle, realising the combined thrill of the see-saw action, up and down and in and out, well,

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BOUNCING WITH JOY

She takes a lot of keeping up with

The latest of our captures from a University, where she's just finished her first term, the buxom Joy donned a curly wig for the cameras—but you can see for yourself that she's a natural brunette. This nineteen-year-old with a 38"-26"-36" figure is built on what you might well call generous proportions and she's got a temperament to match her other endowments.

And even though she never goes out without a bra on, her sweaters are tight enough to show plenty of joggle—she's a girl who stands out well in a crowd. And what's more she thinks she's still growing.

'No, I would never shave—not for anybody' she told me as she stroked her luxuriant growth with an appreciative hand—I would feel very

TALKING OUT OF SCHOOL



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nearly out. We move quicker and quicker until, wow, his searing honey juice shoots into my plunging frame and we hit the ground with a bump. The triple action makes us both shriek. I am sure that we will never ever reach that unequalled peak of utter bliss again. We had attained the once only experience of our lives.

We lie there on the see-saw for what seems hours, glorying in the warmth of each other's bodies, the thrill of each other's satisfied hunger. Slowly we recover. The cool evening air flutters over us, but fails to offset the passion that once again stirs within our damp young torsos.

Frank suggests another site for another session and we scramble over to the swings.

He sits on the wooden seat and beckons me to squat on his lap, facing him. I place my legs either side of him so that he can see the gleaming white flesh of my thighs and the dark bush of hair at my crotch, skirt pushed right up to my waist. His weapon already points towards its natural home and I slide forward on his thighs to suck it in and feel again the baton slither into my tickling, itching pussy.

We should have someone to push us, but somehow Frank gets the swing going and Christ, the feeling! The gently rocking motion, plus the engorged flesh within me makes me climax practically straight away, and I have to clutch desperately at the rope to stop myself from falling off. We start again and, wow, the stimulation is nearly terrifying. The intensity of the thrust, the swoop of the movement, the falling lift sensation not only boggles the mind but also my body. All I can say is that every girl must try it.

Once started I never seem to stop reaching the clouds. It's just one long joy ride on a long thick joy stick.

Eventually we are both so utterly spent we just sit there, static with every ounce of strength drained from us. What one loses on the see-saw one gains on the swings I reckon.

Finally we recover enough to trundle back to our pad for renovation, resuscitation and resumption.

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incomplete without my curls—I think they add a lot to my attraction.' And as she spreads her legs to let you study her attraction you've got to agree that the closely curled muff with its hint of concealed mysteries certainly has a decorative appeal.

'I'm all for decoration myself' Joy says. 'I've got two boys competing at the moment to buy me stockings, and the waist chain I usually wear came from my first boy friend when I was still at school. He

was all for putting it on himself but I wouldn't have that—in fact I'd worn it for weeks before I let him see it on me. I wonder if he'll recognise it if he picks up this copy of *Late Night Extra*? If he does I'd like him to know that I'm still wearing it.

'Even in those days—I'm talking about three years ago—when I could leave my bra off without attracting too much attention, although I know I caused a certain amount of distraction when

I was playing netball—I had a reputation for being a bit of a dare-devil. And it seems to have followed me to University because I was asked to pose on top of a ladder for a picture in our rag magazine as soon as I arrived. And it wasn't my face that was the attraction of course, but my bottom. Covered only by a pair of sheer black tights.

'Which is when I found the boys beginning to praise the virtues of stockings. So now I have two or three pairs of



black stockings being bought for me every week by Alan, while Roger goes for tans and greens and blues. I have a secret hankering for reds and purples, but so far I haven't found anyone to buy me those. Perhaps some of your readers would like to fill that gap? I'm sure that they would be passed on.

'So far as I can tell, most men think that to have a girl wearing stockings instead of tights is by way of being a tribute to male preferences.

They don't seem to realise that a girl in stockings gets a lot of pleasure out of watching a man drop his eyes when you cross your legs, so that he can catch a glimpse of your bare thighs above your stocking tops. I love to watch the newspapers drop in the train when the man opposite to me suddenly realises that the white flash that is revealed when I cross my legs is really me—it makes life very exciting.

'Of course I have to pay in kind for my stockings—both

Alan and Roger insist that every new pair they buy me should be put on, the first time, by themselves. You'd be surprised—or perhaps you wouldn't—at the time they take smoothing them up over my calves and making sure that there are no wrinkles before they clip on my suspenders. And Alan always complains when he finds that I'm wearing a body stocking over my suspender belt. I've left it off today—I do hope that your readers appreciate it.



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Which side do you dress?

One of my most stimulating fantasies is to picture myself in a gents' outfitters dealing with all the virile young customers intent on purchasing trousers and pants.

The shop door opens and in comes a tall, slim, good-looking guy. 'I want a pair of jeans' he says. 'I think it's 29in. inside leg, 30in. waist.' Smiling up at him, I reply 'And the third leg? Which side do you dress?' He grins and joins me at a rack of trousers. 'I'd better check the measurements first, sir. Open your legs please.'

He blushes a little and I stretch out my tape measure, sliding my hand up inside his leg to his crotch. My fingers gently touch his manhood beneath the cloth, bringing an immediate response. I feel around his loins, getting a thrill from the muscular piston lying there temporarily hidden.

'Yes, on the right, I see.'

'Go on like that and you will' he promises.

I long to open up the zip and take the smooth red rod into my lips, but will have to wait. There are too many people about.

Confirming the length of all three limbs, I offer him a pair of skin tight pants and suggest that he tries them on in an adjoining fitting room. Waiting for a few seconds before joining my customer, I stand behind the counter with my heart pounding, my knees weakening and my pussy tingling with anticipation.

Ensuring that the manager of the shop is engaged with another client, I quickly slip into the curtained booth to see the man removing his own trousers, exposing a pair of clean white briefs and an exciting upright bulge at the front.

'Everything all right, sir?'

Seeing me standing there, he impulsively grabs his trousers to cover himself, but thinks better of it and sits back, smiling provokingly, with his thighs wide open. This action opens the slit of his pants and I can see his swelling flesh reaching forward and upward like a mauve-headed cobra.

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'Sometimes I wish that their attentions weren't quite so concentrated below the waist. I know I've got good legs and I enjoy them being looked at—but I do have other attributes, and so far I haven't found anyone to help me with my brassiere bill. All the men I know are so intent on getting my bra off that they don't realise how much it costs a girl to keep herself controlled—if you are built like me.

'I did have one bra given to me—by a traveller for a firm of corsettières—but he was more interested in what was being covered than in the covering. So if you've got any readers who are as keen on breasts as my present two fellers are on legs—and what they lead to—I'd like to hear from them. I favour the Swedish—natural line—type of bra myself, but I'm open to offers, as they say, and I've no objection to a personal fitting—whether it's in inches or centimetres. I don't even know what I do measure in centimetres if it comes to that. It would be fun to find out.

'The suspender belt I've

got on now came from Roger—as soon as I told Alan that he began to deluge me with all kinds of elastic contraptions which look very nice when I'm sitting, or lying, down—but don't keep my stockings taut when I'm moving about. So Roger leads the field in that department—for the moment. But I have a tutor who has taken me for coffee a few times who has a cousin in the high fashion trade, so I haven't given up hope of finding a new source of supply.

'Panties I'm all right for—don't tell the boys, but I only wear them when I'm in short skirts—because I have a girl friend who works for a fashion house. The trouble is that she likes to put them on me herself. And it's not the same somehow. I don't think I'm cut out to be a lady's girl—even though I have the reputation of being 'womanly.' A man's hand may ladder my stockings but a woman's are just too smooth to get me going—somehow. Perhaps when the boys lose interest I'll turn that way—but until then I'll bounce for the boys.'





**BLACK IS
BEAUTIFUL**



GIRL WITH A WIGGLE

**Follow her upstairs
and see for yourself**

According to Ida she first noticed her wiggle when she was 12 and found that there was always a helping hand—male—ready when she stepped on to the bus going to school. And sometimes when she was queueing up waiting to get on the bus. And the hand, or hands, always lingered where the wiggle was—around the part of her she sits on.

And Ida has attracted bottom fanciers ever since. Which doesn't mean that the rest of her isn't worth looking at—in fact you'll have to turn over the page before you get a view of the firm round cheeks that attract the eyes, and the hands, of bottom fanciers every time she walks down the street. And even more when she's going up stairs, because that's when the wiggle is most noticeable.

Figures can be deceiving, as we all know, but when Ida lifts her shawl to expose one soft breast with its pointed bud, the harsh reality of her 36"-24"-35" statistics gives way to sheer delight in her



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'That's a marvellous weapon, sir. May I kiss it?' Without waiting for a reply, I kneel down in front of him, taking the full length into my mouth and slip my warm wet lips up and down the heated measuring rod.

It's delicious. I feel the lad trying to reach my boobs and gently biting my neck. The swelling muscle in my mouth gains strength and as his fingers reach my nipples, the spurt of life shoots into me and the man flops back, groaning quietly.

But by now I'm all steamed up and looking forward to a major internal fitting. The young man still continues to pinch and fondle my tits, so I ease off his under pants, leaving him naked from the waist down. The jet black bush surrounding the soft pinkness of his limpness only provokes my lustful desire to feel the rigid strength really inside me.

Hoping that I can get him roused again fairly quickly, I slip off my blouse and he bends forward to mouth and squeeze my proud firm tits and growing breast. A hand slips down to my skirt and then up inside to find and finger my dampness, and finally to explore the rippling lips of my secret room.

I gasp as he finds the clit and the sound has an effect, for his rod begins to grow again so rapidly that it is marvellous to watch. Thrills pound through me and I'm wriggling around on my buttocks as he pushes me gently to the floor.

The booth is so small I can't stretch out fully, but merely spread my legs apart into the corners, exposing the flaming open-ness at the top of my thighs, inviting, appealing. He follows me down and I grab his middle leg, feeling its moist power throbbing in my hand. Pulling him firmly down towards my itching, tingling tube, I let him take command and he plunges in. I squeal as if an electric spark has touched my writhing body.

My legs wrap around his slim waist, pulling him further in. It's glorious, it's perfect. He has such strength and pulses on and on until I feel the explosion building up along my thighs, in the pit of my tummy and deep, deep inside.

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sensual charm. Unfortunately there's no way of measuring the wiggle which makes walking behind her quite an adventure as you watch the sway of her hips and the tightening of the muscles rounding off the firm buttocks.

Unless you're a devotee of the bare pussy the glossy growth of curls around her centre of gravity and the geometrical exactitude of the triangle that decorates what it does not conceal is likely to attract your attention as much as it did our photographer's — you'd have thought his camera had radar the way it kept homing in on Ida's fur—especially when she perched on the edge of the divan to show off her long slim legs.

For Ida's one of those girls

who can't be judged as a collection of components like a radio set—she has to be seen as a whole. Preferably in motion—complete with wiggle—if you are a bottom man.

As you might have guessed, Ida is very fond of tightly tailored slacks—but has to avoid the white linen variety, because of finger marks. And she's one of the brave girls who are defying fashion in London by continuing to wear the mini skirt—we counted six on the train the other morning, which is quite an improvement on last month.

'When I first found myself getting patted,' Ida will tell you, 'I didn't know whether to be pleased or annoyed—it was a very confusing time for me. Suddenly one morn-

ing all the male hands in London seemed to be searching out for my bottom—and for a week or two it kept me awake at nights trying to figure out what was going on. I had no breasts to speak of and my thighs hadn't filled out—I didn't even have much more than a powder puff to show that I was a woman. But my bum seemed to have developed a life of its own. Knickers which had been loose seemed to have suddenly grown tight—and I used to have a lot of trouble with school skirts which started riding up at the back. Sometimes they were helped—but sometimes they did it by themselves.

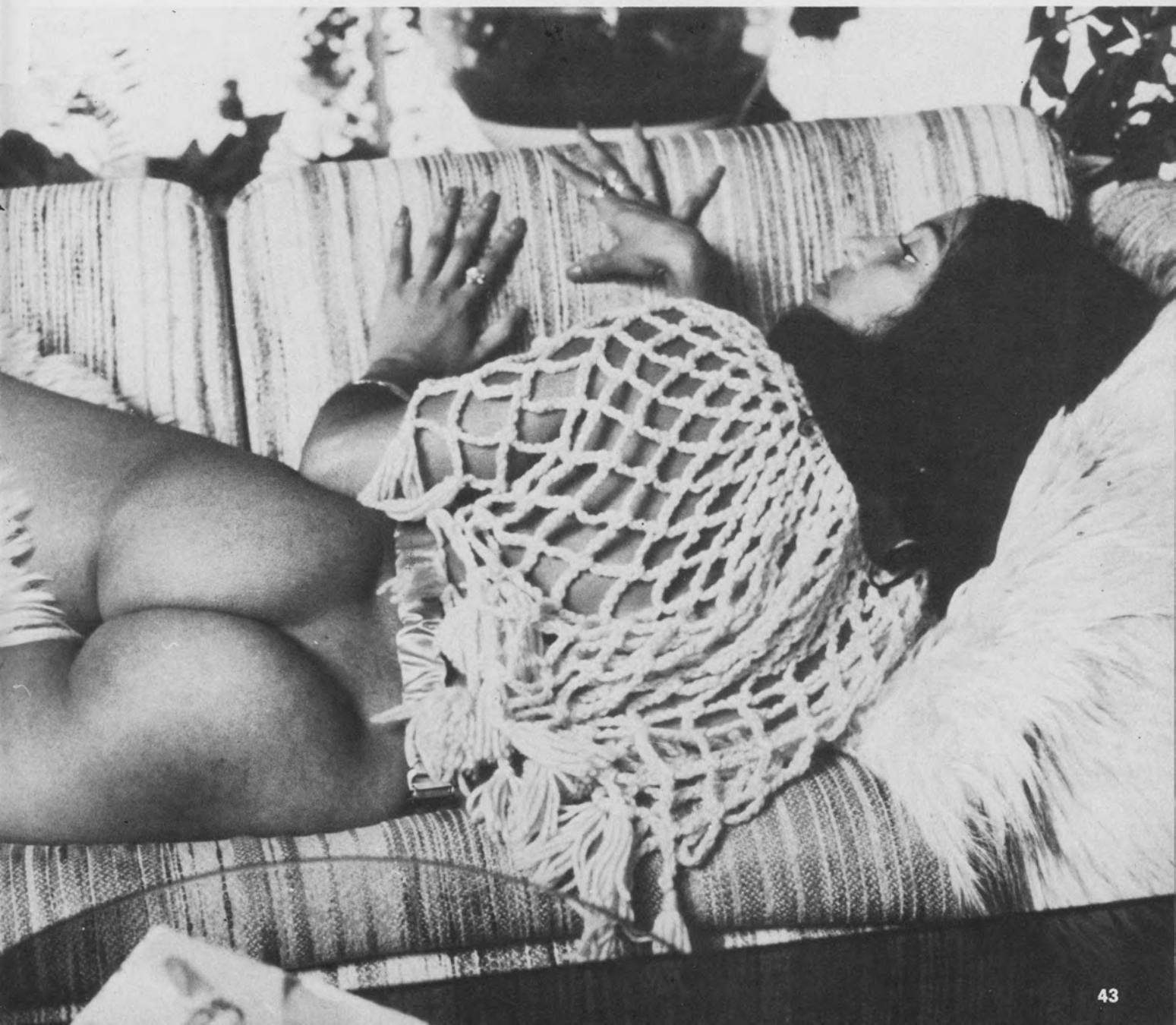
'At first I used to get quite cross—but I couldn't always tell whether it was accidental or not when I felt myself touched, so I never knew whether to make a fuss or not. And fairly soon I got to like it and if I hadn't been stroked at least once on my way to school I felt neglected. Quite soon I got to know my 'regulars' as I called them—and I used to enjoy choosing



who I'd sit next to on the bus. And of course, although I had my favourites, I tried to share myself out a bit.

'You'd be surprised how popular I began to get amongst the boys about then—or perhaps you wouldn't—and I was invited to join the cricket team and was always having lessons on how to stand at the wicket, even some of the masters began to take a hand when it came to that. So it wasn't long before I began to get quite proud of my wiggle—it began to make life very enjoyable—and as soon as I left school and could choose my own clothes, I began to look for tight skirts and slacks that helped to show it off.

'Now that I'm into the go-go scene the wiggle has improved with exercise, as you can guess, and wearing nothing but a tassel on a G string gives the boys a better chance to study my technique than when it was hidden under a skirt. And I still get patted when I get on a bus.'







LOTUS BLOSSOM OPENS

That might not be a very accurate transcription of her name—we are short of Cantonese scholars in the office at the moment—but no one is likely to deny that it fits these pictures of Mei-Ling, who works in a super market in London's Chinese quarter and is quite prepared to prove to you that the Oriental geometry is identical with that of Western women. It's vertical, not horizontal, whatever they may have taught you at school.

If you are a fan of Uschi's and don't count figures under 48, Mei-Ling might be a disappointment—but if a pair of firm 34" tits balancing over a slim 23" waist, supported by a sinuous pair of 34" hips interests you, then you should read on. Because Lotus Blossom Opens is quite a girl. And she's quite prepared to prove it.

Catch her in a cheong-sam—the Chinese dress slit to the thigh which emphasises



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the supple curves of buttocks and breasts—and you might well be over-awed by her Chinese delicacy, even though you'd not miss the lissom line of her legs or the pert upthrust of her breasts.

But it's when she's stripped for action and you can watch her tinting her prominent nipples with a carmine lipstick, using a deeper red to outline the aureolae which decorate the points of her delectably rounded tits, that you begin to realise that this is a flower that's not looking for bees.

Even those of you who claim that hair around the pubes puts you off a woman aren't going to turn your eyes away when Mei-Ling lifts a shapely leg to facilitate the removal of the gossamer-thin panties she favours to keep herself warm with. (She only wears them under Western dress, by the way—it's an old Chinese custom apparently to dispense with that kind of protection in her native garb—which should prove to you how clever the Chinese are, the males anyway.)

But getting back to the pubes—as we all do sooner or later—just have a look at the soft shading of those fine glossy hairs which decorate her mound, the only place her body hair grows, and ask yourself if a shave would really improve her appearance. Her fleece is soft and silky and requires no combing to keep it orderly—and unlike the fur of her Western sisters it clings closely to the mound and does not creep up towards her navel. It grows where it matters, nowhere

It seems as if the whole building is shaking until suddenly I reach the shivering, shattering flash and I scream with ecstasy and he shouts with relief as his spurting juice jets upwards. We collapse and lie silent for a moment gathering our composure, but before I have fully recovered the curtain is pulled aside and the manager peers in.

'Mandy, I know that you are such an excellent fitter, but there is another customer waiting in room number 3.' The man's eyes shine as he sees what we have been doing. 'But he'll have to wait. Move over, sir. The manager has to ensure that his staff is always providing the best service.'

He begins to remove his trousers and I scramble about to get the younger man back into his pants and new jeans. My boss can't wait for me to finish and the lad is getting all heated up again at the sight of the older man raring to go.

To see two enflamed shafts both throbbing with burning lust also thrills me so much that I nearly blow my top there and then.

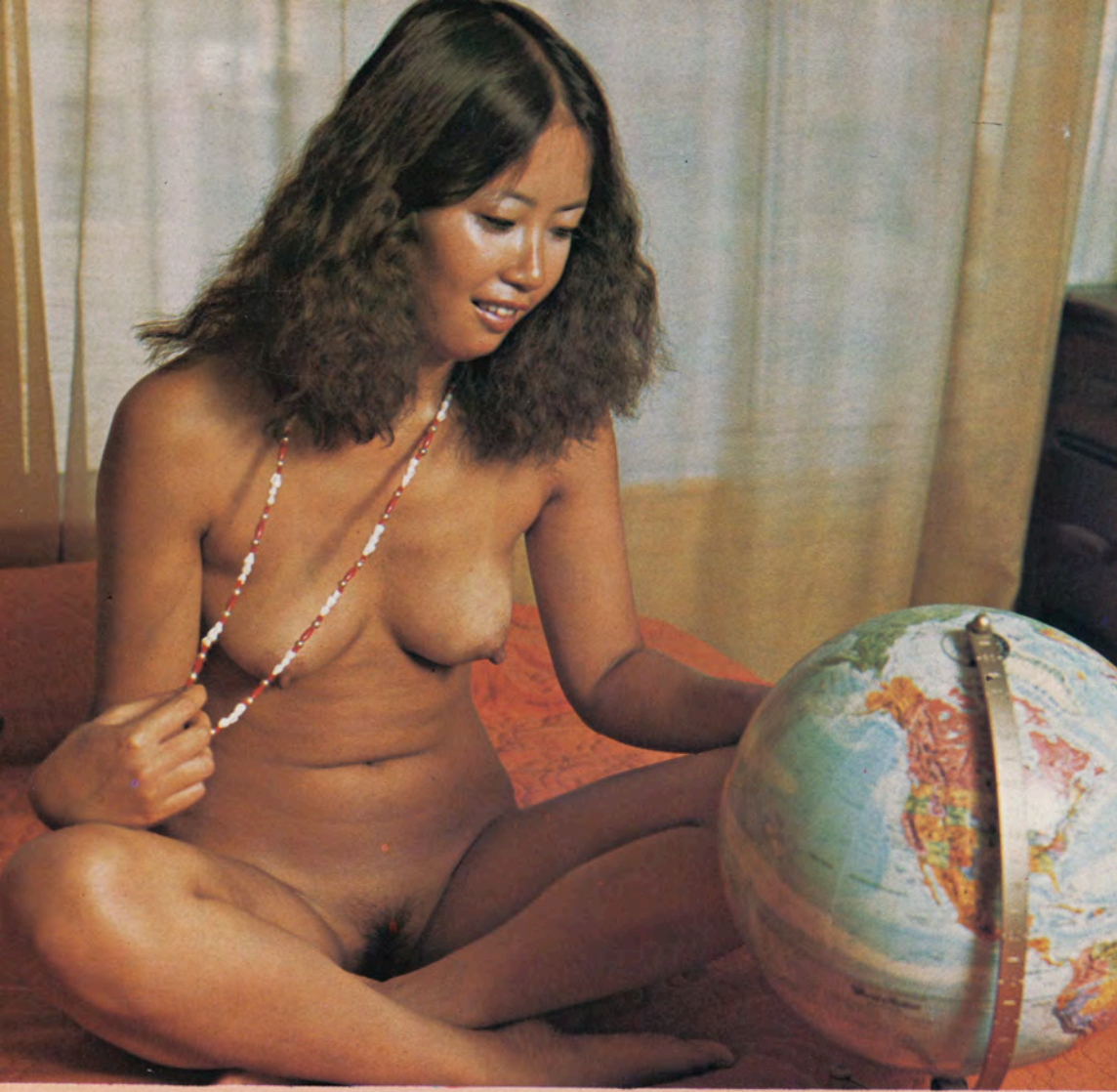
I quickly drop my skirt and am now completely naked, but as I bend down to pick up the trousers I feel the boss stroking and kneading my firm white buttocks, easing them apart to gaze at the darkened sexy valley. The lad drops his pants and thrusts his rigid manhood towards me. Taking the slippery flesh again into my mouth, I suck and ripple my tongue over the top of the enraged pulsating shining weapon, but gasp as the manager suddenly pushes forward from behind and his vibrating tool slips into my moist hungry tunnel.

Two at once. Terrific!

I'm practically biting the lad in uncontrollable passion, whilst the 'guvnor' heaves forward, squeezing my pendulant breasts and pinching my firm young tits. The customer also leans forward over my back and pulls my cool bottom towards him, regardless of the manager's thrusts in the same direction.

With one in my mouth, the other in my body, a pair of young man's hands on my bottom and another's on my boobs, I'm really full up. I just

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else, and there's no difficulty, with Mei-Ling, of forcing your way through the thicket and finishing up with a tangle of loose hairs around the tongue. As smooth as the tongue. As smooth as the soft hair around the neck of a kitten, her fleece is kind to the fingers and the lips, and requires no combing—but Mei-Ling will enjoy it if you wish to use a brush to put a parting in it.

She likes being combed as well—particularly if you run the smooth back of the comb up and down between the moist warm lips which part so readily once you've put a parting in her muff. She's a girl who takes a lot of pride in her appearance, as you can see for yourself, but you'll have to use your imagination to help you picture her carefully oiling her lissom nakedness with oil to keep her skin supple and shining—and delicately rubbing cream into each nipple with the tip of one dainty finger.

The firmness of her soft breasts Mei-Ling attributes to this daily care and she needs no urging to kneel on the couch and demonstrate the lack of 'droop' as the camera catches her in profile. Bottom fanciers, for whom the curve of the posterior and the plumpness of tender thighs mean so much, will take their own pleasure from the sight of our Lotus blossom supported on knees and elbows.



Until she came to Europe Mei-Ling had never seen a stripper in action, but she needs no lessons in the seduction of disrobing and when she found that many of our readers set great store by the sight of a half-clad girl she was quick to don a scarf for your entertainment and to demonstrate her skill in removing her last garment while seated—damn clever, these Chinese.

Mei-Ling falls back on the famed Oriental inscrutability when you ask her about her love life—but she's got a lot of boy friends and unless they are very backward we would guess that she gets well attended to. And she isn't prepared to pass on any tips about Oriental pleasures—we asked her, naturally.

But she's got very definite ideas about the roles of women—she's Women's Lib.—and about the position of sex in everyday life. She thinks men would get more pleasure from it if they thought a bit more about their partner's satisfaction than they usually do. From which you can guess that Mei-Ling had an unsatisfactory introduction to the joys of sex. But she won't go into details—except to say that she herself is slow to rouse, but once she is roused she can go on for a long time. In fact she claims that this is true of most women—she's evidently read



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don't know how I can continue, but I do, until with a frantically powerful lunge 'fore and aft' the two men shoot into my sweating, panting nakedness and I hit the peak. Three thrills at once.

The young client, once satiated and satisfied, dresses and takes his new purchase to the cash desk, thanking me for the excellent fitting service. The manager, happy at the success of the examination of his staff, reminds me of the other customer waiting.

'I'll be in later to check' he says with a grin, and putting on his trousers. Wow! I wish I really did work in a gents' outfitters.

You can't beat Rick

I'm a gangland Moll, at least that's what I like to think sometimes. It all started when I saw an old 'Bogie' film on tele. Picturing myself as 'Kate,' I wear a black silk skirt, black stockings with matching suspender belt and pink knickers and a tight red blouse. I don't peroxide my hair though, that would be too much, so I just wear a blonde wig.

I really have to act out the part and even have an old grand piano in the corner of the flat.

'Rick, the Prick' is my boy friend, a real vicious crook. He sometimes bangs away at the 'old joanna' with me sitting on the open frame, legs apart, hoping that somehow he will reach the right note or strike the right chord. We start proceedings with him sauntering in, fag dangling from the corner of his mouth, and wearing a red and mauve silk waistcoat, a grey striped shirt and a pair of ancient flannel trousers complete with braces.

I'm just lounging back on the settee, eating grapes, legs over the sides and boobs practically bursting through the silk blouse. He grabs my arm and pulls me savagely to him.

'Come 'ere, girl,' he growls. 'I feel like it tonight.'

This brazen coarse attitude is what turns me on. I don't

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her Masters & Johnson and is convinced that all women are multi-orgasmic. Personally I think it depends on the occasion—possibly all women can be if they are in the mood.

To which Mei-Ling replies that they would always be in the mood if they were properly cared for by their partners—and you can't argue about that, it's a bit of a 'chicken and the egg' proposition, so you have to give her best. And it's not difficult to defer to someone as lovely as Mei-Ling, of course.

But whatever Mei-Ling's earlier problems may have been, she is completely uninhibited in her approach to the male sex nowadays and takes a natural pride in her body as she kneels on the bed with her knees apart to let you feast your eyes on the subtle curves of inner thigh and buttock and the shading of gleaming black hair which sets off so well the plumpness of her mound.

The pussy has had plenty of poems written about it—and when you look at Mei-Ling's you can understand why. If she had to compete with every other girl in this magazine in a pussy show I don't think she'd come second. When she's standing at her





dressing table it's the plump perfection of the sparsely covered mound that catches the eye and distracts you from her small but shapely breasts. But when she's crouching on the floor, or kneeling on her bed, your eye is entranced by the delicate modelling of the softly parting lips. And when she raises one leg and the pink petals of the inner lip begin to show then you know you've found a masterpiece.

Not that Mei-Ling intends to be provocative. She just thinks that she's pretty and she knows she will give pleasure in showing herself. And like anyone else, she likes to be admired, of course. Her toilet before these photographs were taken took a full two hours and every detail was attended to with the fastidious carefulness of a cat grooming itself for the night.

Whether this is an Oriental characteristic or something peculiar to Mei-Ling herself, one does not know. But if you see a lot of girls and women undressed—or undressing—you begin to take note of points like that. And if you like to see a girl take a pride in her appearance you'll remember the ones like Mei-Ling who are fastidious.



REMEMBER LAST SUMMER?

Doreen might have been the girl in the caravan

It was so hot that first day that anything but my tiniest bikini would have been overdressing, so I wasn't surprised that all the unattached males in the camp seemed to make a point of walking past my caravan to see if there was anything I wanted.

After all my bikini didn't cover all that much, and with my 36"-24"-35" measurements I'd have been surprised if none of the men had shown any interest. And to tell you the truth, it's quite exciting being measured up by a lot of new men when you are on your own with fourteen days to do whatever you like in. So that first night, although I was a bit sunburnt, I went off to sleep quite peacefully—wondering about a very dark hairy fellow who'd told me his name was Roger and who was sharing a caravan with

two other chaps not far from me.

But it wasn't Roger who occupied my thoughts next day. One of the 'onlookers' who had introduced himself on that first day when I was stretched out on the grass was a slim fair-headed man called Michael. And it was Michael who offered to help with my sun tan oil just before lunch on my second day. As I stretched out on my face and felt his strong fingers working over my shoulders and down my back I began to forget about the hairy-chested Roger and gave way to the sensuous enjoyment of feeling a man's hands gently kneading the soft flesh of my thighs as I spread my legs apart while he rubbed in the cooling oil.

And it was Michael who found out how ticklish I was



**OUTDOOR
GIRL**





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behind, and inside, my knees. He had turned me over on to my back and was massaging my upper arms and armpits, sliding his fingers under the tiny triangle of my bikini to tease my nipples when I knew that Michael was going to be my man. So when he'd moved down to my stomach and the tiny V of my bikini panties was hindering him, I murmured 'it unties at the side' and closed my eyes with a shudder of delight as I felt him uncovering me.

'We don't want oil on this, do we?' I heard him ask as he brushed the back of his hand

over my fleece. 'Open your legs so that I won't get you sticky.' But I was getting sticky already—not with the sun lotion but with my own juices as Michael's fingers began to stroke the soft flesh high up on my thighs, and he lowered his face down to me to gently brush my lips with his exciting tongue. As my lips parted I remember thinking that everything was happening too quickly, but as his warm tongue entered my mouth and began to search for mine I knew that I was already lost.

I've no idea how long the

kiss lasted—but he came up for air before I did as I sucked his tongue into my mouth and began to move my hips so that his hand could feel my soft fur against it.

That night he shared my caravan—the bunk was only three feet wide but it seemed large enough, perhaps because I was underneath him most of the night—crying out for more most of the time.

And being hosed down—quite naked—the next morning, before I was taken back into the caravan, was a sheer delight. And one that I got every morning, what's more.

know why, and care even less. 'Oh git orf' I reply, pretending to push him away.

We have a brief struggle but I let him get the upper hand and he thrusts his powerful tongue deep into my mouth. I taste and smell whisky and begin to tingle. My tongue fights back and we wriggle against each other, pressing ourselves hard against the other's body.

Rick bites my neck and throat and as I squeal his tongue explores my left ear. This sends shivers of electrifying delight right down my spine and my knees weaken into jelly.

I'm thrilled to feel his hard rod pushing against my tummy and my hands glide down his spine to cup his firm buttocks, pulling him forward. One of his hands grips the top of my blouse and he pulls, ripping it off like a piece of paper on a parcel, or a wrapping covering a pair of footballs. Buttons pop all over the floor, but my breast is still covered with an old-fashioned bra, embellished with lace. Rick hisses 'Git it orf,' and I quickly unhook the catch and the material drops to the floor, revealing my 40in. tits.

His eyes sparkle and he licks his dry mouth at the sight. Already my nipples are tightening and protruding invitingly and the man moves forward to take a delicate bud in his lips. His moustache tickles and increases the stimulation, whilst one of his hands slips up and down my thighs like a smooth firm piston. Occasionally, his fingers snag on the stocking, but who cares?

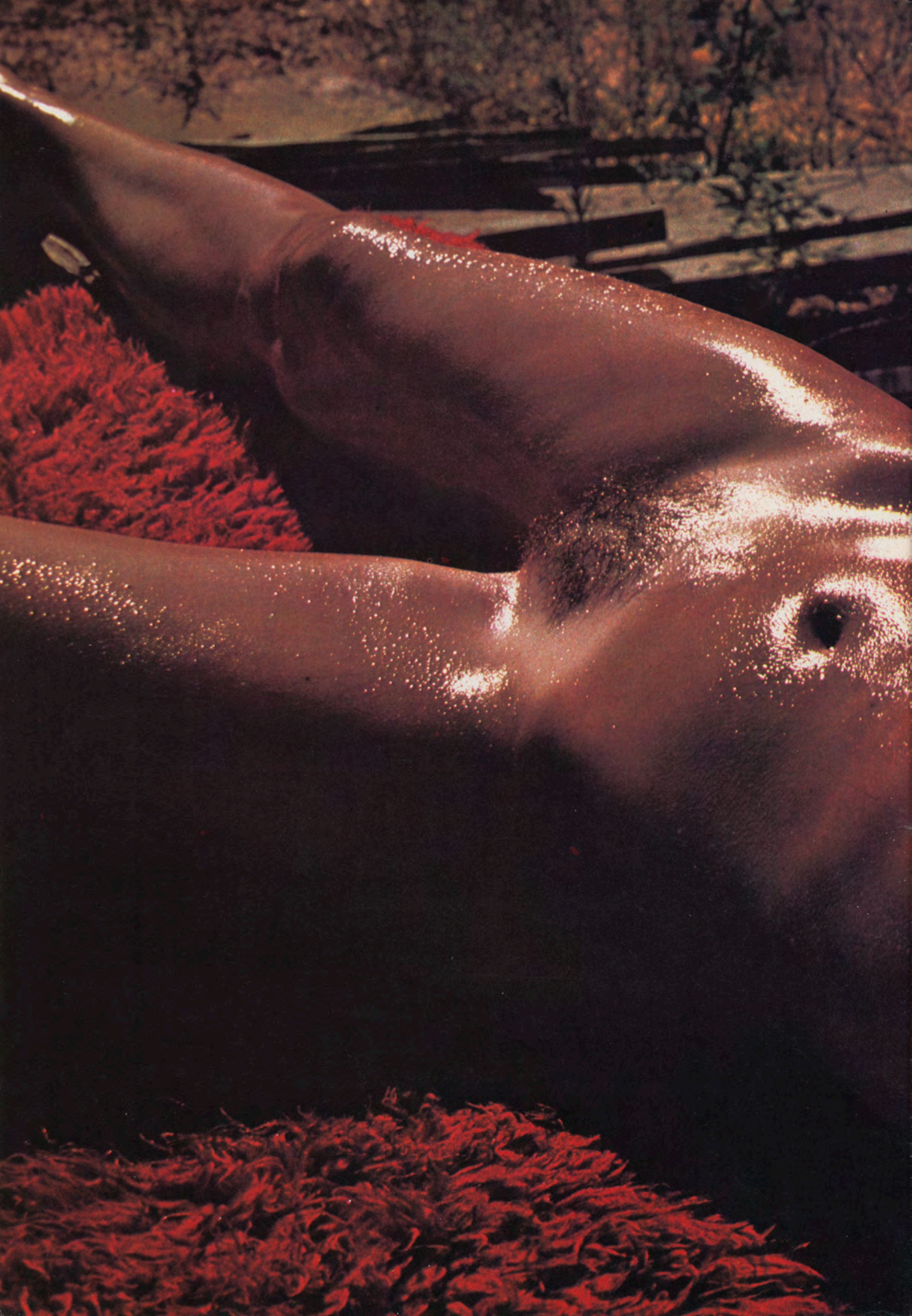
My blood and heart pound and I'm longing to feel his randy strength inside me. He sees that I'm all steamed up and pulls away, grinning. He looks at the side-board. 'I want a drink,' he growls.

With the support of his body gone, I flop on to the carpet and wait for him to quench his thirst. He downs half a tumblerful and stands over me, leering.

'Rick, I want you.' I'm gasping now and sit up trying to reach his flies, but he steps back and out of reach, though I can see the swelling at his crotch and know that his hunger is beginning to tell.

'Rick, Rick.' He grins sardonically, like some torturer.

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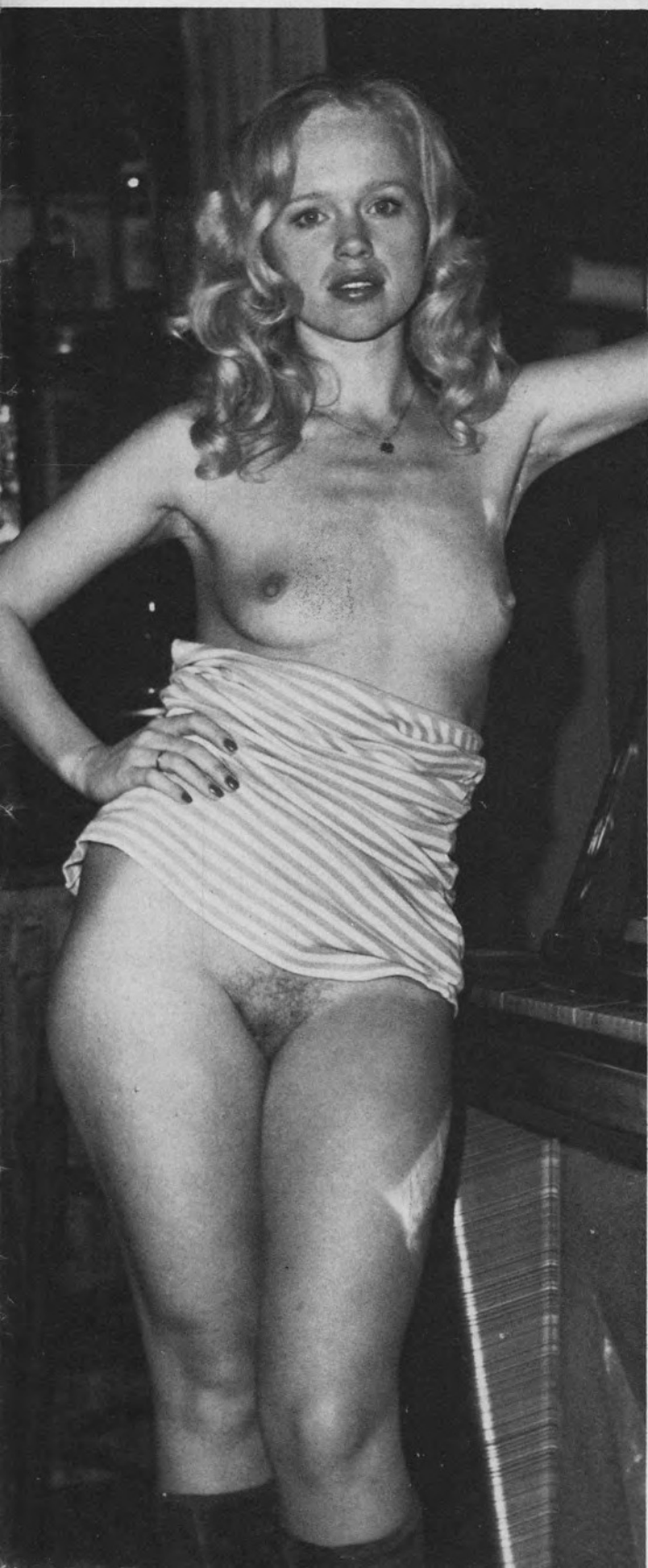


**READERS'
CHOICE**



A NIGHT OUT WITH MAUREEN

— the blue-eyed blonde
from Tipperary



With her pertly tilted breasts, and armpits and loins that have never known the razor, Maureen had to wait until she came to Britain before she could be photographed like this. It would never be allowed at home. But Maureen has shed her inhibitions during the six months she has been working in Newcastle where she decorates a discotheque — although you won't be able to see her with her dress pulled down like this during working hours. That's a view that's reserved for her boy friend after the disco where she dances is closed, and

Terry gets his camera out.

It was Terry who sent us these pictures for our regular 'Readers' Choice' spot and he was careful to enclose Maureen's measurements—33"-22"-32"—and there's plenty of men around who'll be envying the chance of holding the tape measure around this little charmer from Ireland.

The dancing, of course, will account for the trim waist and the firm thighs—but the clear complexion and the sparkle in the eyes comes from the green fields of her homeland, so does her humour.



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apparently—Terry tells us that she's 'a bit of a wild one.' Which isn't hard to believe when you see the way she's hopped up on to the bar to show her charms. Underwear is optional at Maureen's club and you can tell she knows how to make use of her options.

Even when she's posing for the camera you can sense the muscular control that Maureen puts into her dancing—and go-go dancing is no job for those who don't like exercise. According to her boy friend, Maureen is a bundle of muscles—and she knows how to use them all.

On her day off she takes a bike out into the countryside—but the picture of her on her bike showed her in a track suit, which is probably sensible wear, but doesn't show enough of her to justify its inclusion here. So you'll just have to take her word for it that she's an outdoor girl at heart—even though she works in a night-club.

If your taste is for the svelte elegance of a Dietrich—or the buxom bounce of a girl like Elvira on page 16, then you might turn away from these pictures of Maureen—but you'd be missing something if you did. Certainly

Terry will be glad to see these pictures—even though he sees the colleen herself every night. And it's a fair bet that a good many of you are going to share his enthusiasm for this winsome immigrant from Ireland—she's not without admirers as you can guess.

Maureen's ambition is to dance in London—we hope she makes it; if she doesn't it won't be for want of trying. And we'd guarantee she'll make an impact when she does arrive—even with her clothes on. There'd be plenty of Late Night Extra readers ready to watch her—don't you agree?

My body is beginning to scream and I quickly tear off my skirt so that he can see the long black stockings, the tops off-setting the white skin of my thighs, the tight black suspender belt and my pink knickers hiding my slaving grotto and its dark bushy entrance.

I writhe and squirm and cannot stop feeling myself. This gets Rick really started and he is just throwing off his waistcoat when the door of the flat bursts open and a girl rushes in. She grabs Rick, yelling for his love and honey.

As I watch, dumbfounded, she makes a dive for his trousers and speedily unbuttons his flies and rips down his pants. Before I can stop her, she takes the man's flaming, shining weapon into her red lips and gulps, with her tongue rippling round the shaft like a child licking at a toffee apple.

She is dressed rather like me in a tight skirt and blouse, but Rick hardly seems to notice and merely continues to remove his shirt, tie and dangling braces.

'Rick,' I shout, 'for heavens' sake!'

Yet seeing another girl at my man adds a tingling zest to my lust. She has one of her hands up her skirt, another at Rick's twin orbs, moulding and squeezing them with complete abandon. She has not even noticed me.

The man lets the girl continue her stimulating of him and herself, whilst staring at me, waiting like a slave on the floor. I get glimpses of his glorious glimmery manliness, slippery yet rigid, pulsating in the woman's lips. Her breast is heaving and the rapid movements under her clothing increase in intensity. With a sudden shudder as the orgasm is reached, she falls to the floor, moaning with satisfaction, yet the man remains hard and upright, stallion like, but now more demanding, more urgent.

He edges the inert body of the girl to one side with his foot and moves towards me. The sight of his slim glistening naked body, proud and uninhibited, rampant with male power and strength, heightens my inner demands.

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